

NOV. 25, 1857.

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

throughout the whole of this upper country. I have attended every funeral which has occurred among Protestants in this place since May 13, and I am confident that no death has occurred by any disease which by possibility could be truthfully chargeable to the climate. It is plain that vice, impropper exposure, and poisonous whiskey will produce death in any locality.

Religious, our encouraging things are chiefly in prospect. The Parochial (Gothic or Irish), have a report of a want of worship, and they are visited by an itinerant priest once a month. The Congregationalists have a small but convenient house of worship, which was built chiefly by a liberal donation from the proprietors of the town, and by a grant from the "church extension fund" of their order. Their membership is quite small, and they are at present without a preacher.

A Methodist class was formed here five years ago by a Bro. Bishop, a devoted pioneer, who died soon after, a martyr to his piety and fidelity while visiting and preaching to the destitute in the frontier settlements. During the past year a local preacher preached here half the time; and early last spring, in anticipation of my coming among them, a temporary house of worship was raised and enclosed. And in that rude house I opened my commission the third Sabbath in May. At the conclusion of our afternoon service I gave notice that we would meet there the next morning to organize a Sunday School; and that we should have the children and youth who legally belonged to us, and all others who were not connected with any other school, to join us. Thirty-two children came at the time appointed, and had their names enrolled as members of the school. Since then our number has gradually increased, and we now have more than seventy (70) names on our register.

A veteran Sunday School superintendent from a city below us, was present at the second meeting of our school; and while addressing it, he remarked that he doubted whether a school had ever been organized before in the Mississippi valley under so favorable auspices. A few days after he sent four dozen of our excellent Catechisms as a present to the school.

It should be here remarked that the Sunday School Society on my late charge in the East, (East Weymouth, Mass.) presented me with eighty (\$80) dollars to help defray the cost of books and paid the freight of them out, in anticipation of my arrival in Boston. Thus that liberal church and congregation have done invaluable good, in furnishing the best of religious reading to many who could not have received it without their benefaction! And for this Christian act, the blessings of those they will never see in time are upon them!

I determined, because I believed it the will of God, to remove to this place, and made pledges which I could not honorably violate, previous to the last session of the Providence Conference. Then I earnestly sought a transfer, as the idea of being located even for a day, was exceedingly repulsive to me; but as my request was declined, to locate was my only alternative. At the late session of the Upper Iowa Conference, I was admitted to the traveling connection, and I have the honor (for such I esteem it) of being the first transfer ever stationed at this place.

And here in the distant West, by the grace of God, I am permitted to go to visit the sick, to bury the dead, to minister with the patient, and to rejoice with the young converts, and to preach the gospel to the rich and to the poor.

Our house of worship will soon be finished comfortably and tastefully, and the liberality of the people will enable us to say, "we owe no man anything."

To my dear brethren in New England, and especially in the Providence Conference, with whom I labored harmoniously for thirteen years, I present my warmest salutations. I love you still; yes, I love the delightful fields you are allowed to cultivate in the vineyard of our common Lord. And, be assured, I love my Western home and my Western work; and I have not felt, and probably shall not feel any disposition to leave it, until God shall intimate that such is his will, by his presence.

H. W. Housour.

NOTES BY A CONVALESCENT.
Mr. Morris.—Passing from Montreal we came by the Grand Trunk Railway to Toronto, and by the Great Western to Hamilton, and Suspension Bridge, or Niagara Falls. It would be well for the managers of the first named company to see to it that all their employees are strictly total abstinence men. Such a rule has been found by many railroad companies to be invaluable, and ought to be universally adopted. Surely the vast multitude of men, women, and children who travel through the country by car, ought not to be in peril for want of sober conductors and engineers. We affirm it as our belief that the man who imbues from the intoxicating fount at all, is not a sober man.

LIMA, N. Y.

The Genesee College and American Wesleyan Seminary at this place occupy a most commanding position, and the view from either building is one that assures the spectator that Cowper spoke truly when he wrote,

"God made the country."

In the college, the experiment of educating the sexes together in the higher branches of education is being worked out with the best results. The friends of the institution deeply regret the prospective removal of their president, Rev. Dr. Cummings.

The old wooden house of worship, formerly occupied by the M. E. Church, in the village, has been replaced by a neat and commodious brick structure, which will doubtless prove not only a benefit to Methodism, but also to the entire community.

GENEVA.

A deacon rendered service by the frost (but well known with inclination) brought us to this beautiful town, located by the Seneca Lake. If your correspondent is ever to be banished from the world at large, may find such a place in which to reflect and pray, as this same village of Geneva!

On the west bank of the Connecticut river, we came to the side of the Wesleyan University, the parent of Methodist colleges. In the college cemetery repose the dust of Fisk and Olin, whose spirits walk in paradise, while their memory is like "ointment poured forth." The University has at present 147 students, and is destined, we have no doubt, to maintain its proper position before the church and the country.

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No true friend of religion or of sound learning can be indifferent to the great work which, under God, is committed to the church in the multitude of youth who look to her for education! Play there be raised up many friends to devise liberal things in aid of the work, and let us cease to pray to Heaven that all our educational institutions may be as so many streams of blessing to our common country.

B. S.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.
We present—As a favor, so it comes to pass. The introduction of a part of our Sunday School returns into the statistics of the General Minutes has led to a neglect on the part of several Conferences to make return of several important items heretofore given in the reports of the Sunday School Union. We called attention to this point over a year since, begging brethren to continue their Sunday School reports as before, and sending suitable blanks for the statistician to append to the blanks of the statistician of the General Minutes. A few of the Conferences, we find, were not supplied with these Sunday School blanks, in consequence of their having been derived from the reports of the Sunday School Union. Hence our report for this year will be deficient in some important items.

We trust it will not be hereafter; that it may not be, we present a supply of these blanks, though we are sending others, to those conferences which have not received them. Will brethren please give attention to this subject, and thus help us to secure as full and perfect Sunday School returns as may be practicable!

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS.
At the last quarterly meeting of the Board,

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Mormon Rebellion.—In addition to the outrages reported last week, Brigham Young has issued a violent proclamation calling upon the Mormons to resist all efforts on the part of the U. S. troops to enter his territory, and has also called upon the 2000 men already there under the command of Col. Johnson to give up their arms and ammunition. He will probably, however, find it difficult to obtain them. The fact is Young has not the slightest cause to complain, and his present attitude is simple rebellion. He is protected, however, for the present by his secluded position and by the fact that he has no troops at his disposal, and is compelled, or rather

is it right that he should be compelled, to maintain his position, either through the winter, and then destroying the unremitted property of the Mormons and the property of the Federal Government, remove into the fastnesses beyond the Salt Lake Valley, and establish there a community over whom, beyond the reach of the United States Government, he may rule with despotic sway.

The Secretary of War.—Upon a careful scrutiny of the information from the Utah expedition considers that Col. Alexander's forces and the other detachments are safe against Mormon hostilities, if attempted. He regards the remaining supplies as abundant for the maintenance of the troops till next summer.

The Congress.—The Congress is steadily increasing, and the cause of God prospering. I have been sorry to see, however, that I could not devote my entire attention to the wants of Zion in that community, but, being at the Institute, it was impossible without neglecting my duty to my studies. I have, however, the full sympathy of my professors, and the services of the faculty, who are not connected with any other school, to join us. Thirty-two children came at the time appointed, and had their names enrolled as members of the school. Since then our number has gradually increased, and we now have more than seventy (70) names on our register.

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Bro. S. P. Heath, of Amesbury, Mass., writes,

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The result upon those remaining did not exceed my expectations; for the loss of twenty-two is not so great as to be of much importance. But the cause of God is still progressing. I have been sorry to see, however, that the cause of Zion is steadily increasing, and the cause of God prospering. I have been sorry to see, however, that I could not devote my entire attention to the wants of Zion in that community, but, being at the Institute, it was impossible without neglecting my duty to my studies. I have, however, the full sympathy of my professors, and the services of the faculty, who are not connected with any other school, to join us. Thirty-two children came at the time appointed, and had their names enrolled as members of the school. Since then our number has gradually increased, and we now have more than seventy (70) names on our register.

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Poetry.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

Bones of our readers may not be buried in that equable and noble earth, was probably composed in 1529, when Luther died, or never had its birth at Spire. The Rev. Wm. M. Bunting, a Methodist minister, who was a member of the Berlin Conference—son of the Rev. Dr. Bunting—has written a fine English hymn on this subject, retaining that which it can sing in our language to the same tune with the German.

"IN PLENTY RENEW MY TROUBLED SOUL."

A strong tower is the Lord our God,

To shelter and defend us now;

Our shield his arm, our sword his rod,

Against foes hefriend us:

That ancient enemy,

His gathering powers we see,

His terror and his toils,

Victory, with its spoils,

Not earth, but Heaven, shall send us!

Though wrestling with the wrath of hell,

No might of man avail us:

Our captain is Immanuel,

And angel comrades hail!

Still challenge ye him name?

"Christ, in the flesh who came"—

"The Lord, the Lord of hosts!"

Our cause his succor boasts,

And God shall never fail us!

Though earth by peoples floods be trod,

Emboldened all, yet hidden;

And though their proud usurping god

O'er thrones and shrines have stridden;

Nay, let them stand reveal'd,

And darken all the field;

We fear not; fall they must!

The Word, whereof we trust,

Their triumph hath forbidden.

While mighty truth with us remains,

Hell's arms shall move us never;

Nor parting friendships, hours, gains,

Our love from Jesus sever:

They leave us when they part;

With him, a peaceful heart;

And when from death we rise,

Death yields us, as he dies,

The crown of life forever!

For Zion's Herald.

NIAGARA.

Terrific catastrophe! the sovereign thon, Of nature's majesty, thine awful sound Creates in man a reverent awe. For all must see in thee, the Almighty's power; That rainbow'd throne is glorious, passing far The panopry of earthly potentates. Most solid wilds than dashet on Magnificently grand, thy orient tints Mocking the beauty of the costliest gems. But what art thou to him who made thee such? Whose hand the glorious firmament had stretched, And with his power the roaring sea did part, Who by his word the matchless light did form, Who as with scales the ponderous mount could weigh, Before whose horizons are but vanity.

E. N. F.

For Zion's Herald.

SABBATH BELLS.

By LUCILLE CLARE.

Like a benediction, On the waiting throng, A crooked sheeted dove In the bough of song.

On the pause of worldly feeling Fall the sweater swells,

Of the many-measured pealing Of Sabbath bells.

Gentry, rising, softly slinking, Like some old rhyme,

Hearts and thought in unison linking With the changing chime,

Till a holy inspiration Dropped slow down,

Like a radiant revelation On the listening town,

Blissful reminders of the city Far from human sight,

When the world will be the temple And the Lamb the light.

Where, in mellifluous meter, Sabbath psalms will flow Down the aching aisles far sweeter Than the psalms below.

Sketches.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY MARY INGREN.

"Homes for Thanksgiving Day," chirruped a fat three year old, bursting in the night grown into Farmer Talbot's warm kitchen. He was trying to unlock two bright blue eyes, that sleep had sealed pretty fairily, and out quite a ludicrous figure with a round face, and a mouth like a small orange.

"Bobby!—Bravo-o!" laughed the grandfather from his chimney corner. "Try it again, Bobby!—you'll keep up the honor of the family. Come here, sir!"

Bobby's eyes were wide open by this time—he had laid aside his action, and took refuge in the folds of her cheek dress, sucking his thumb in quiet thankfulness. Mammy looked around from the girderion she was superintending, with a gentle smile. That smile seemed rather sad, methinks, for the scene and the day; but we will know more of her.

Thanksgiving was always a joyous time at Grandfather Talbot's, not merely for its turkeys, puddings and mincemeat (and the like), Grandmother Talbot and her daughters did execrate all other grandmammies and aunts as a roaster—in the estimation of the grand-children, large and small. But farmer Talbot and his "gude wife" were stanch old Puritans—two of that good breed, he lowly prodded him, and a deader from his piping and grating before his eyes. And the stockmen Talbot and his daughters did execrate all other grandmammies and aunts as a roaster—in the estimation of the grand-children, large and small.

"What a wedding-night, you know!"

"I tell you, Willie, that Addie loves Reynolds with her whole heart, yet, as truly as she ever did on that evening. She has never spoken a name to me, yet, in all the day after father told me of this present; he is to be continued in his heart, but there is something terrible in this status—like gridiron."

A sharp quick bark under the window arrested the conversation.

"Grandpa, come here, what are you doing?"

"Drop me slowly down,

Like a radiant revelation

On the listening town,

Blissful reminders of the city

Far from human sight,

When the world will be the temple

And the Lamb the light.

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such a girdled tree, a young ash spring out, and striking down a fibre, found a feeble connection with the bark below, and sustained a mere though with life in the tree? It was thus that little Robert came, to bind a few broken fibers from his early hopes and dreams on earth.

"But we are forgetting Thanksgiving—nearly all the time," said the old farmer. Talbot's "big sleigh" had snuffed twice upon the old salt sprinkled stone steps, all were brought home from church, and all were there.

"I except two unaccountable strangers, "the boys," as two striplings nearly six feet high continued to be called, who were cultivating the scenes in a college not many miles away. And why were they not there? So questioned every one, and the two boys, who had only wiped their spectacles every few minutes on her apron and peered out of her southwest window.

Meantime the new comers were all clustered in the sitting room, making merry use of the interlude between service and dinner. There was Robert, the eldest son, with his romping family and his mother, who had just come from the village. Nobody knew her by that name—Lofty, blooming in her prime, and managing her little ones with a charm. There was Philip, "the old Bachelor," though by no means a young one. Next to him, a boy, looking out from a basket, was a peasant boy, last, but not least, though in truth he was one—was the old school "ma'am"—the youngest of her father's flock, the laughing, fun-loving Susan. She was not beautiful, but she was a good girl, and the delight of many in her family.

"And now, I am told, you have got a husband?" asked the old bachelor, smilingly. "Yes, I am told, and I am told that he is a good man."

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